Westminster-Drollery.

Or, A Choice

COLLECTION

Of the Newest

SONGS & POEMS

BOTH AT

Court and Theaters.

BY

A Person of Quality.

The third Edition, with many more Additions.

LONDON,

Printed for *H. Brome* at the *Gun* in St. *Paul's* Church Yard, at the West End.

MDCLXXIV.

COLLECTION
SONGS & POEMS

WESTMINSTER-DROLLERY.

The first Song in the Ball at Court.

1.

I Pass all my Hours in a shady old Grove,
And I live not the day that I see not my Love:
I survey every Walk now my *Phillis* is gone,
And sigh when I think we were there all alone.
O then 'tis, O then I think ther's no such Hell,
Like loving, like loving too well.

2

But each shade and each conscious Bow'r that I find,
Where I once have been happy, & she has been kind,
And I see the print left of her shape in the Green,
And imagine the pleasure may yet come agen,
O then 'tis, O then I think no joy's above
The pleasures, the pleasures of love.

3

While alone to my self I repeat all her charms,
She I love may be lock'd in another mans arms:
She may laugh at my cares, & so false she may be,
To say all the kind things she before said to me,
O then 'tis, O then I think ther's no such Hell,
Like loving, like loving too well.

4.

But when I consider the truth of her heart,
Such an innocent passion, so kind, without art,
I fear I have wrong'd her, and hope she may be
So full of true love, to be jealous of me.
O then 'tis, O then I think no joys above
The pleasures, the pleasures of Love.

The second Song in the Masque at Court.

1. A Lover I am, and a Lover I'le be,
And hope from my Love I shall never be free,
Let wisdom be blam'd in the grave woman-hater,
Yet never to love, is a sin of ill nature:
But he who loves well, and whose passion is strong,
Shall never be wretched, but ever be young.

2. With hopes and with fears, like a Ship in the Ocean,
Our hearts are kept dancing, and ever in motion.
When our passion is pallid, and our fancy wou'd fail,
A little kind quarrel supplies a fresh gale:
But when the doubt's clear'd, and the jealousi's gone,
How we kiss, and embrace, and can never have done.

A Song at the Kings Houſe.

1. HOw hard is a heart to be cur'd
That is once overwhelm d with deſpair,
'Tis a pain by force is endur'd,
Deſpiſes our pity, and ſcoffs at our fear:
But if nothing but Death ſhall untie
Thoſe fetters wherewith you enſlave me,
For your ſake I am ready to try
If you are unwilling to leave me,
Then I am not unwilling to die.

2. How much were it better complying
With the tears, the ſighs, and the groans
Of a poor diſtreſt Lover dying,
And liſt to the cries of his pitiful moans;
When your Slave ſhall in triumph be led
To ſee the effects of good nature,
It ſhall for your honour be ſed,
'Tis true you have kill'd a poor Creature,
Yet have raiſ'd him again from the dead.

3 Though your heart be as cold as the ice, is,
At one time or other you'l find,
That love has a thouſand devices
To baniſh cold thoughts from your ſcrupulous mind.

Thy aid mighty *Jove* I implore,
That thou to the fair one discover,
The joys I have for her in store,
Which she to her passionate Lover
Will say, shee'll be cruel no more.

A Song at the Kings House.

1. CLoris, let my passion ever,
Be to you as I design:
Flames so noble, that you never
Saw the like till you knew mine.

2. Not a breath of feigned passion
From my lips shall reach your ears;
Nor this love that's now in fashion,
Made of modest sighs and tears.

3. In my breast a room so fitting
For your heart I will prepare,
That you'l never think of quitting,
Were you once but harbour'd there.

4. The Rents not great that I require
From your heart, mine to repay:
Fortitude's all I desire
To keep your lodging from decay.

5. Fairest

5. Faireſt Saint, then be not cruel,
Nor to love me count it ſin;
Since a ſmile from you is fewel,
For to keep this fire in.

6. When I am forc'd by death or age,
From your flames for to retire,
All true Lovers I'll engage
Still my paſſion to admire.

A Song.

1. WEr't thou but half ſo wiſe as thou art fair,
Thou wouldſt not need ſuch courting,
'Twill prove a loſs you'l ne'er repair,
ſhould you ſtill defer your ſporting.
This peeviſh *ſhall I, ſhall I,* you'll repent,
When your ſporting is over,
Beauties after--math--no kind friends hath
To gratifie a Lover.

2. Perhaps you may think 'tis a ſin to deal,
Till *Hymen* doth authorize you:
Though the Gods themſelves ſweet pleaſure ſteal,
That to coyneſs thus adviſe you:
Fox upon the Link-boy and his Taper,
I'll kiſs, although not have you.

'Twas an Eunuch wrote all the Text that you quote,
And the Ethicks that inslave you.

3. I am sure you have heard of that sprightly Dame
That with *Mars* so often traded,
Had the God thought she had been to blame,
She had surely been degraded.
Nor is blind *Cupid* less esteemed
For the sly tricks of his Mother,
For men do adore that Son of a Whore,
As much as any other.

4. 'Tis plain antiquity doth lie
Which made *Lucretia* squeamish;
For that which you call chastity.
Upon her left a blemish:
For when her Paramour grew weak,
Her passion waxed stronger.
For the Lecherous Drab her self did stab
'Cause *Tarquin* staid no longer.

5. Then away with this Bugbear Vice,
You are lost i' that you fly me,
In *Elizium* (if you here are nice)
You never shall come nigh me:
Hell for Vestals is a Cloyster
I don't run doting thither,
For the pleasant shades are for her that trades:
Let's truck and go together.

A

A late Song by a Person of Quality.

1. ALas, what shall I do? I have taken on me now
To make a Song, I vow; O wo is me:
I am commanded to't, I dare not stand it out,
Though I am put to th' rout, it must be: (foot
Thou shalt do't, then stand to't, I'll set my Muse on
With a good chirping Cup, (of wine,
There may some hidden Mine, spring from the juice
Then take't and drink it up.

2. Pox on't, it will not do, I must have t'other too,
I claim it as my due, and must love't; (hie
For where the Land is dry, the good Husband he doth
To bring the water nigh to improve't.
Here's the use of the Juice, open me then the sluce,
And deny my wit in grain;
That Skull's ne'er empty that takes it in plenty,
It's the only spring of the brain.

3. Madam now you may see what obedience is in me,
I have done what may be to obey, (to boot,
I have set my Muse on foot, with the sprightly grape
Your Commands made me do't, they must sway:
If my pate soon or late, shall bring forth some conceit,
To you my wit I owe.
If I do fall flat, its because, mark you that,
I am a Cup too low.

If I ſpake ſenſe enough, or did ſpeak but ſtuff,
All is alike to me;
I'll never pauſe upon't, you were the cauſe on't,
And that's my Apologie.

Silvia. *Made by a Perſon of Honour.*
But the Anſwer and Reply lately added.

Silvia, tell me how long it will be
Before you will grant my deſire:
Is there no end of your crueltie,
But muſt I conſume in this fire?
You'll not tell me you love me, nor yet that you hate,
But take pleaſure in ſeeing me languiſh
Ah *Silvia* pity my deſperate ſtate,
For you are the cauſe of my anguiſh:

Her ANSWER.

Damon, I tell thee I never ſhall be
In a humor to grant thy deſire;
Nor can I be tax'd with crueltie,
Having one that I more do admire.
For 'tis him that I love, and thee that I hate,
Yet I find you fain would be doing;
No, *Damon*, you never ſhall be my Mate,
Then prethee, Friend, leave off thy wooing

His

His REPLY.

SILVIA know, I never shall more
Be a Suitor to pride and disdaining,
Nor can my respects be as heretofore,
Being now in the time of their waining:
For I prize not thy love, nor I fear not thy hate,
Then prethee take it for a warning,
Whenever you meet with another mate,
Faith *Silvia* leave off your scorning.

The Coy Lady slighted at last.

1. POor *Celia* once was very fair,
A quick bewitching eye she had,
Most neatly look'd her braided hair,
Her lovely cheeks would make you mad:
Upon her Lips did all the Graces play,
And on her Breasts ten thousand Cupids lay.

2. Then many a doting Lover came,
From seventeen unto twenty one:
Each told her of his mighty flame,
But she forsooth affected none;
This was not handsome, t'other was not fine;
This of Tobacco smelt, and that of Wine.

3. But

3. But t'other day it was my fate
To pass along that way alone:
I saw no Coach before her Gate,
But at her door I heard her moan,
And dropt a tear, and sighing seem'd to say,
Young Ladies marry, marry while you may.

A Song at the Kings House.

1. WOrld thou art so wicked grown,
That thy deceits I must disown,
Since Knaves from honest men cannot be known,
So general is Distraction:

2. Men that are grave and should be wise,
In their opinions are so precise,
That always they turn up the whites of their eyes,
When plotting some other faction.

Conventicles are grown so rife,
Whose followers are so many,
There's so much gathered for their relief,
Poor Cavaliers cannot get any.

Wit without money is such a curse,
No Mortal would be in its Clutches;

And

And he that hath one without t'other is worſe
Than a Cripple without his Crutches.

A Song by a Perſon of Quality.

HOld, hold, and no further advance,
For I'm caſt in a Trance,
If an inch more you give,
I'm not able to live,
Then draw back your Lance.

So now 'tis pretty well my Love,
Yet if you will,
You may ſomewhat further ſhove,
But do not kill.
I die, I die, my breaths almoſt gone;
Pray let me ſleep, and I'll wake anon.

A Rhodomantade on his cruel Miſtreſs.

SEek not to know a woman; for ſhe's worſe
Than all Ingredients cram'd into a Curſe.
Were ſhe but ugly, peeviſh, proud, a Whore,
Perjur'd or painted, ſo ſhe were no more,
I could forgive her, and connive at this,
Alledging ſtill ſhe but a woman is:

But

But she is worse, and may in time foreſtal,
The Devil, and be the damning of us all.

A Song call'd the Injur'd Lady.

1. O You powerful Gods, if I muſt be
An injur'd Offering to Loves Deity,
Grant my Revenge, this Plague on men,
That Women ne'r may love agen.
Then I'll with joy ſubmit unto my fate,
Which by your Juſtice gives your Empire date,

2. Depoſe that great inſulting Tyrant Boy,
Who moſt is pleaſ'd when he does moſt deſtroy:
O let the world no longer govern'd be
By ſuch a blind & childiſh Deity.
For if you Gods are in your Power ſevere,
We ſhall adore you not for Love but Fear.

3. But if you'l his Divinity maintain
('Tis men, falſe men, confirm his tott'ring reign)
And when their hearts Loves greateſt torment prove
Let that no pity, but our laughter move.
Thus ſcorn'd and loſt to all their wiſht for aim,
Let rage, deſpair, and death conſume their flame.

The

The Wooing Rogue.

The Tune is, *My Freedom is all my Joy.*

1. COme live with me, and be my Whore,
And we will beg from door to door,
Then under a hedge we'l ſit and louſe us,
Until the Beadle comes to rouſe us.
And if they'l give us no relief,
Thou ſhalt turn Whore and I'l turn Thief.
Thou ſhalt turn Whore and I'l turn Thief.

2. If thou canſt rob, then I can ſteal,
And we'l eat Roaſt-meat every meal.
Nay we'l eat White-bread every day,
And throw our mouldy Cruſts away,
And twice a day we will be drunk,
And then at night I'l kiſs my Punk.
And then at night I'l kiſs my Punk.

3. And when we both ſhall have the Pox,
We then ſhall want both Shirts and Smocks,
To ſhift each others mangy hide,
That is With Itch ſo pockifi'd;
We'l take ſome clean ones from a hedge,
And leave our old ones for a pledge.
And leave our old ones for a pledge.

A Song at the Kings House.

1. HOw severe is forgetful old age,
To confine a poor Lover so,
That I almost despair to see even the air,
Much more my dear Damon, *hey ho.*

2. Though I wisper my sighs out alone,
Yet I am trac'd where-ever I go,
That some treacherous Tree keeps this old man from me
And there he counts every *hey ho.*

3. How shall I this *Argus* blind,
And so put an end to my wo?
But whilst I beguile all his frowns with a smile,
I betray my self with a *hey ho.*

4. My restraint then, alas, must endure;
So that since my sad doom I know,
I will pine for my Love like the Turtle-Dove,
And breath out my life in *hey ho.*

A Song at the King's House.

1. NEver perſwade me to't, I vow
I live not: How canſt thou
Expect a life in me,
Since my Soul is fled to thee?
You ſuppoſe becauſe I walk,
And you think talk,
I therefore breath, alas, you know
Shades as well as men do ſo.

2. You may argue I have heat,
My pulſes beat,
My ſighs have in them living fire.
Grant your Argument be truth,
Such heats my youth
Inflame, as poyſons do only prepare
To make death their follower.

A Song.

FArewel, farewel fond love, under whoſe childiſh (whip
I have ſerv'd out a weary Prenticeſhip.
Farewell, thou that haſt made me thy ſcorn'd proper-(ty,
To dote on thoſe that lov'd not,

And to fly those that woo'd me:
Go bane of my content, and practise on some other
Patient.

2. My woful Monument shall be a Cell,
The murmur of the purling Brook my knell;
And for my Epitaph the Rocks shall groan
Eternally: if any ask this Stone,
What wretched thing doth in this compass lie,
The hollow Echo shall reply, 'Tis I, 'Tis I.
The hollow Echo shall reply, 'Tis I.
Farewel, farewel

A Song at the King's House.

1. HAve I not told thee, dearest mine,
That I destroy'd should be?
Unhappy, though the crime was thine,
And mine the misery:
Thou art not kind, there's none so blind
As those that will not see.

2. Have I not sigh'd away my breath
In homage to thy beauty:
What have I got but certain death,
A poor reward for duty.
Well, when I'm gone you'l ne'r have one
That will prove half so true t'ye.

3. Have

3. Have I not steep'd my soul in tears,
When thou didst hardly mind it?
But rather added to my fears,
When love should have declin'd it;
Which in this breast, I hope for rest,
But now despair to find it.

4. O that I could but sound thy heart,
And fathom but thy mind;
Then would I search thy better part,
And force thee to be kind:
But now I'm lost, and here am crost,
'Tis they that hide must find.

4. If pity then within thy heart
Doth own a residence,
Vouchsafe to read my tragick part,
And plead my innocence:
Then when I'm dead, it may be said,
'Twas love was my offence.

5. But since thy will is to destroy,
I dare not mercy crave,
But kindly thank my fate, and joy
I liv'd to die thy Slave:
Then exercise those killing eyes,
And frown me to my grave.

A Song.

LOve, fare thee vvell,
Since no love can dwell
In thee, that in hatred doſt all excel.

2. All Love is blind,
Yet none more unkind,
Than thoſe that repay Love vvith a proud mind.

3. Love that's Divine,
Is not Love like to mine,
Since ſhe doth laugh, vvhen I do repine.

Then gentle Love for Loves own ſake,
Sigh loving Soul, and break heart, break.

A Song.

1. MAny declare vvhat torments there are,
Yet none ever felt ſo much of deſpair:
No love can tell how high my griefs ſwell.
O curs'd be the pride that reduc'd me to Hell.

2. My heart is on fire, vvhilſt I do admire
That you vvith diſdain requite my deſire:

All

All muſt ceaſe, that my flames may increaſe,
And curs'd be the pride that murther'd my peace.

A Song at the Kings Houſe.

BRight *Celia*, know 'twas not thine eyes
Alone that firſt did me ſurprize;
The Gods uſe ſeldom to diſpenſe
To your Sex beauty and Conſcience:
If then they have made me untrue,
The fault lies not in me, but you;
Sure 'tis no crime to break a Vow,
When we are firſt I know not how.

2. You preſs me an unuſual way,
To make my Song my Love betray:
Yet fear you'l turn it to a jeſt,
And uſe me as y'ave done the reſt
Of thoſe ſad Captives which complain,
Yet are enamour'd of their flame:
And though they die for love of you,
Dare neither love nor you purſue.

3. If love be ſin, why live you then
To make ſo many guilty men?
Since 'tis not in the power of Art
To make a breſt-plate for the heart;

Since 'tis your eyes Loves Shafts convey
Into our souls a secret way;
Where if once fixt, no Herb nor Charm
Can cure us of our inward harm.

A Song.

1. ALl the flatteries of Fate,
And the glories of State,
Are nothing so sweet as what Love doth create;
If Love you deny,
'Tis time I should die;
Kind Death's a reprieve when you threaten to hate.

2. In some shady Grove
Will I wander and rove,
With *Philomel* and the Disconsolate Dove;
With a down-hanging wing
Will I mournfully sing
The Tragick events of Unfortunate Love.

3. With our Plaints we'l conspire
For to heighten Loves fire,
Still vanquishing life, till at last we expire:
But when we are dead,
In a cold leafy bed
Be interr'd with the Dirge of this desolate Quire.

A Song at the Kings House.

1. LOve that is skrew'd a pitch too high,
May speak, but with a squeeze will die:
The solid Lover knows not how
To play the Changeling with his Vow:
Small sorrows may find vent, and break,
Great ones will rather burst than speak.
Such is my fortune when my *Flora* frowns,
Not only me, but she the world will drown.

2. Thus am I drench'd in misery,
Yet hope she may be kind to me:
I, but 'tis long first, could she but restrain
Those kindnesses which I'd be glad to gain,
She'l surely do't: if so, it shall be known
I lov'd her for her own sake, not my own.
Thus will I live and die, and so will be
Exemplary to all Posterity.

A Song.

1. WHat care I though the world reprove
My bold, my over-daring love:
Ignoble minds themselves exempt
From int'rest in a brave attempt.

2. The

2. The Eagle soaring to behold
The Sun aray'd in flames of gold,
Regards not though she burns her vvings,
Since that rich sight such pleasure brings.

3. So feel I now my smiling thought
To such a resolution brought,
That it contemns all grief and smart,
Since I so high have plac'd my heart.

4. And if I die, some vvorthy Spirits
To future times shall sing my merits,
That easily did my life despise,
Yet ne'r forsook my enterprise.

5. Then shine bright Sun, and let me see
The glory of thy Majesty:
I vvish to die, so I may have
Thy look, my death; thine eye, my grave.

A Song.

1. BUrn and consume, burn vvretched heart,
Unhappy in extremes thou art:
If dying looks serve not thy turn,
To say thy Beauty makes me burn,

From.

2, From thoughts inflam'd pale colours fume
Into my face, and it consume:
O my poor heart, what charms thee so,
That thy afflicted face lets know,

3 Yet will not tell who murthers thee,
But yet will still a Lover be:
Who hides my Phenix eyes, that she
Whom I adore thus cannot see,

4 How I for her am made a prey
To sorrow: and do pine away:
O foolish custom and vile use,
My silence now deserves no truce.

A Song at the Dukes House.

O Fain would I before I die
Bequeath to thee a Legacy;
That thou maist say, when I am gone,
None had my heart but thee alone:
Had I as many hearts as hairs,
As many lives as Lovers fears,
As many lives as years have hours,
They all and only should be yours.
Dearest, before you condescend
To entertain a bosom Friend,

Be

Be ſure you know your ſervant vvell,
Before your liberty you ſell:
For love's a fire in young and old,
'Tis ſometimes hot, and ſometimes cold;
And men you know that vvhen they pleaſe,
They can be ſick of Loves diſeaſe.
Then vviſely chuſe a Friend that may
Laſt for an age, and not a day;
Who loves thee not for lip or eye,
But for thy mutual ſympathy.
Let ſuch a Friend thy heart engage,
For he will comfort thee in age,
And kiſs thy furrow'd vvrinkled brow
With as much joy as I do now.

A Song.

1. ON the bank of a Brook as I ſate fiſhing,
Hid in the Oziers that grew on the ſide:
I over-heard a Nymph and Shepherd vviſhing,
No time nor fortune their Love might divide.
To Cupid *and* Venus *each offer'd a Vow,*
To love ever as they lov'd now.

2. O, ſaid the Shepherd, and ſigh'd What a pleaſure
Is Love conceal'd betwixt Lovers alone?

Love

Lovemuſt be ſecret, for like fairy treaſure.
When 'tis diſcover'd 'twill quickly be gone.
For envy and jealouſie, if it will ſtay,
Would, alas ſoon make it decay.

3. Then let us leave this world and care behind us,
Said the Nymph, ſmiling, and gave him her hand;
All alone, all alone, where none ſhall find us,
In ſome fair Deſart vve'l ſeek a new Land,
And there live from Envy and Jealouſie free,
And a World to each other we'll be.

The diſconſolate Lover.

1. AS I lay all alone on my bed ſlumbring,
Thinking my reſtleſs ſoul to repoſe,
All my thoughts they began then to be numbring
Up her diſdainings, the cauſe of my vvoes:
That ſo encreaſt my dolour and pain,
I fear I never ſhall ſee her again:
Which makes me ſigh, and ſobbing cry,
O my Love, O my Love, for thee I die.

2. When this fair cruel She I firſt ſaw praying
Within the Temple unto her Saint,
Then mine eyes every look my heart betraying,
Which is the cauſe of my doleful complaint,

That

That all my joys are quite fled and gone:
And I in sorrow am now left alone:
Which makes me sigh, and sobbing cry,
O my Love, O my Love, for thee I die.

3. Then farewel ev'ry thing that sounds like pleasure,
And welcome Death the cure of my smart.
I deem'd first sight of her, I grasp'd a treasure;
But wo is me, it has broken my heart:
For now my Passing-bell calls away,
And I with her no longer must stay:
Which makes me sigh, and sobbing cry,
O my Love, O my Love, for thee I die.

The subtil and coy Girl.

The Tune, Silvia *tell me how long it will be.*

1. WHy should my *Celia* now be coy,
In denying to yield me those Graces
Which we did formerly both enjoy
In our amorous mutual embraces?
She'l not give me a reason,
But shews me a frown
Is enough to destroy a poor Lover.
Ah *Celia*, once I did think thee mine own,
But now I my folly discover.

2. Is it becauſe I have been ſo kind
At all times to feed thy deſire,
In Preſents and Treats, thou haſt chang'd thy mind,
And left me like Dun in the Mire?
Or elſe is't becauſe thou doſt
Think my Eſtate
Is too mean to uphold thee in Brav'ry?
Know *Celia*, 'tis not ſo much out of date
To force me endure ſo much ſlav'ry.

3. Or is't becauſe thou wilt follow the mode,
Since moſt are addicted to changing,
Thou'dſt only get thee a name abroad,
I being more famous for ranging.
Nay *Celia*, more this truth thou woo't find,
I therefore adviſe thee be wary,
When ever thou getſt thee a Mate to thy mind,
He'l play thee the ſame fagary.

The Drawing of Valentines
The tune, *Madams Jig.*

1. THere was, and there was,
And I marry was there,
A Crew on S. *Valentines* Eve did meet together,
And every Lad had his particular Laſs there,

And

And drawing of *Valentines* cauſed their
Coming thither.
Then Mr. *John* drew Mrs. *Jone* firſt, Sir.
And Mrs. *Jone* vvould fain a drawn *John* an' ſhe
Durſt, Sir.
So Mr. *William* drew Mrs. *Gillian* the next, Sir;
And Mrs. *Gillian* not drawing of *William*,
Was vex't, Sir.

2. They then did jumble all in the hat together,
And each did promiſe them to draw 'em fair Sir:
But Mrs. *Heſter* vow'd that ſhe had rather
Draw Mr. *Keſter* then any that vvas there Sir:
So Mr. *Keſter* drew vvith Mrs. *Heſter* then Sir:
And Mrs. *Heſter* drew Mr. *Keſter* agen Sir:
And Mr. *Harry* drew Mrs. *Mary* featly,
And Mrs. *Mary* did draw Mr. *Harry* as neatly.

3. They all together then reſolved to draw Sir,
And every one deſir'd to draw their Friend Sir;
But Mr. *Richard* did keep 'em ſo in aw Sir,
And told 'em then they ne're ſhould make an
end Sir,
So Mr. *Richard* drevv Mrs. *Bridget* ſquarely,
And Mrs. *Bridget* drevv Mr. *Richard* as fairly:
But Mr. *Hugh* drevv Mrs. *Su* but ſlily,
And Mrs. *Su* did drawv Mr. *Hugh* as vvily.

4. Thus

4. Thus have you heard o'th twelve that lately drevv Sir,
(Sir:
Hovv every one vvould fain their Friend have drawn
And now there's left to dravv but four o'th crevv Sir,
And each did promiſe his Laſs an ell of Lawn Sir.
So Mr *Watty* drevv Mrs. *Katy* but ſlightly,
And Mrs. *Katy* drevv Mr. *Watty* as ſlightly:
But Mr. *Thomas* in drawing of *Annis* too faſt Sir,
Made Mrs. *Annis* to dravv Mr. *Thomas* at laſt Sir.

5. And there is an end, and an end, and an end of my Song, Sir,
Of *Jonne* and *Jony*, and *William* and *Gillian* too Sir,
To *Keſter* and *Heſter*, and *Harry* and *Mary* belong Sir,
Both *Richard* and *Bridget*, and *Hugh*, and honeſt *Sue*, Sir,
But *Watty* and *Katy*, and *Thomas* and *Annis* here, Sir.
Are the only four that now do bring up the Rear Sir:
Then ev'ry one i'th' Tavern cry amain Sir,
And ſtaid till drawing there had fill'd their brain, Sir.

A late and true story of a furious Scold, served in her kind.

The tune, *Step stately.*

1. WAs ever man so vex'd with a Trull,
As I poor *Anthony* since I was wed,
For I never can get my belly full,
But before I have supp'd, I must hasten to bed:
Or else she'l begin to scold and to brawl,
And to call me Puppy and Cuckold and all
Yet she with her Cronies must trole it about,
Whilest I in my Kennel must snore it out.

2. I once did go to drink with a Friend,
But she in a trice did fetch me away:
We both but two pence a piece did spend,
Yet it prov'd to me Execution day;
For she flew in my face, and call'd me fool,
And comb'd my head with a three-legg'd stool.
Nay, she furnisht my face with so many scratches.
That for a whole month 'twas cover'd with patches.

3. Whatever money I get in the day,
To keep her in quiet I give her at night,
Or else shall license her tongue to play
For two or three hours just like a spright,

Then

Then to the Cupbord Pilgarlick must hie,
To seek for some Crusts that have long lain dry:
So I steep 'um in skim-milk until they are wet,
And commonly this is the Supper I get.

4. And once a month, for fashion sake,
She gives me leave to come to her bed;
But most that time I must lie awake,
Lest she in her fits should knock me o'th' head.
But for the Bed I do lie on my self,
You'd think 'twere as soft as an Oaken shelf;
For the Tick it is made of Hempen-hurds:
And yet for all this I must give her good words.

5. We commonly both do piss in a Pan,
But the Cullender once was set in the place:
She then did take it up in her hand,
And flounc't it out on my stomach and face.
I told her then she urin'd beside,
But she cal'd me Rogue, and told me I lied,
And swore it was not up to her thumb,
Then threw she the pan in the middle of the room.

6. Then a Maid that was my sweet heart before
Did come to the house to borrow a Pail:
I kist her but once, and I thought on't no more,
But she flew in her face with tooth and nail,

But the Wench she stood to her, and claw'd her about,
That for a whole fortnight she never stirr'd out;
For her eyes were so swell'd, and her face was so tore
That I never saw Jade so mangled before.

7. She then did bid me drop in her eyes
A Sovereign Water sent her that day,
But I had a Liquor I more did prize,
Made of Henbane and Mercury steep'd in Whey:
I dropt it in and nointed her face,
Which brought her into a most Deyilish case:
For she tore and she ranted, and well she might;
For after that time she ne're had sight.

8. I then did get her a Dog and a Bell,
To lead her about from place to place:
And now 'tis, *Husband, I hope you are well*;
But before it was *Cuckold* and *Rogue* to my face;
Then blest be that Henbane and *Mercury* strong,
That made such a change in my wives tongue.
You see 'tis a Medicine certain and sure,
For the cure of a Scold, but I'le say no more.

A Song on the Declensions.
The tune is, *Shackle de hay.*

MY Mistris she is fully known
To all the five declensions,
She'l seize 'em singly one by one,
To take their true Dimensions.
She ne'er declin'd yet any man,
Yet they'l declin her now and then,
In spight of her Inventions.

2. First *Musa* is her Mothers name,
And *hæc* does still attend her:
She is a *hujus* burley Dame,
Though *huic* be but slender:
Yet she'l have a *hanc* on every man,
And *hac* him to do what he can,
Unless they do befriend her.

3. *Magister* was her Father too,
And *hic* is still his man Sir,
Nay *filius* is her Son also,
And *Dominus* her Grandsire:
Nay *Lucus*, *Agnus*, and that Lamb-like crew,
She'l call 'em *hunc's*, and *hoc's* 'em too,
Do all that e'er they can Sir.

4. Next she's to *lapis* very kind,
As honest *hic* has sed Sir:
For she's to precious stones inclin'd
Full long before she was wed Sir.
Which made her Parents often say,
That *hic* and *hac* both night and day,
Was forc'd to watch her bed Sir.

5. She beat poor *manus* with a Cane,
Though he did often hand her
From *Whetstones-Park* to *Parkers-Lane*,
And was her constant Pandor.
Yet give him *mani* busses when
That she could get no other men,
That he could not withstand her.

6. 'Bout noon she'd with *Meridies* dine,
And sup, and bed him too Sir:
She'd make poor *facies* to her incline,
In spight of all he could do Sir.
She day by day would *dies* pledge,
Which set poor *acies* teeth on edge,
And often made him spew Sir.

7. Thus have I shew'd her Kindred here,
And all her dear Relations,
As *Musa*, *Lapis*, *Magister*,
And all their antick fashions.

Meridies, *Manus*, and *Felix* too.
Are happy that they never knew
Any of all her ſtations.

A Song of the three degrees of compariſon.

The tune, *And 'tis the Knave of Clubs bears all the ſway.*

MY Miſtris ſhe loves Dignities,
For ſhe has taken three degrees:
There's no compariſon can be made
With her in all her ſubtile Trade.
She's poſitively known a Whore,
And ſuperlatively runs on ſcore.

2. And firſt I *Poſitive* her call,
'Cauſe ſhe'l be abſolute in all:
For ſhe's to *durus* very hard,
And with ſad *triſtis* often jarr'd:
Which happily made *Felix* ſay,
Sweet *dulcis* carried all away.

3. Next ſhe's call'd *Comparative*,
For ſhe'l compare to any alive,
For ſcolding, whoring, and the reſt:
Of the Illiberal Sciences in her breaſt:
She'l drink more hard than *durior*.
Though he would harder drink before.

4. Then she's call'd *Superlative*;
'Cause she'l her Pedigree derive,
Not from *Potens* or *Potentior*,
The Mighty, or the Mightier:
But from *Potentissimus*,
Not *bonus*, *melior*, but *Optimus*.

5. Thus have I shew'd my Mistress t'ye,
And gradually in each degree;
How she is *Positive* to some,
Comparative when others come,
Superlative even over all,
Yet underneath her self will fall.

The kind Husband, but imperious Wife.

The first part of the Tune his, and the latter part hers.

M.

1. WIfe, prethee come give me thy hand now,
And sit thee down by me:
There's never a man in the Land now
Shall be more loving to thee.

W.

2. I hate to sit by such a Drone,
Thou liest like a Hog in my Bed:

I had better a lain alone,
For I ſtill have my Maiden-head.

M.

3. Wife, what wouldſt thou have me to do now,
I think I have plaid the man:
But if I were ruled by you now,
You'd have me do more than I can.

W.

4. I make you do more than you can?
You lie like a Fool God wot:
When I thought to have found thee a man,
I found thee a fumbling Sot.

M.

5. Wife prethee now leave off thy ranting,
And let us both agree;
There's nothing elſe ſhall be wanting,
If thou wilt be ruled by me.

W.

6. I will have a Coach and a man:
And a Saddle-Horſe to ride;
I alſo will have a Sedan,
And a Footman to run by my ſide.

M.

7. Thou ſhalt have all this, my dear wife,
And thou ſhalt bear the ſway,
And I'l provide thee good chear, wife,
'Gainſt thou com'ſt from the Park or a Play.

W.

8. I'll have every month a new Gown,
And a Petticoat dy'd in grain,
Of the modishest Silk in the Town,
And a Page to hold up my Train.

M.

9. Thou shalt have this too, my sweet wife,
If thou'dst contented be,
Or any thing else that is meet wife,
So that we may but agree.

W.

10. I will have a *Gallant* or two,
And they shall be handsom men;
And I'll make you to know your Cue,
When they come in and go out agen.

M.

11. Methinks a couple's to few, wife,
Thou shalt have three or four,
And yet I know thou'dst be true, wife,
Although thou hadst half a score.

W.

12. I will have as many as I please,
In spite of your teeth, you fool,
And when I've the *Pocky Disease*,
'Tis thou shalt empty my stool.

M.

13. Why how now you brazen-fac' Harlot,
I'l make you to change your note,

And if ever I find you snarl at
My actions, I'l bang your Coat.

14. Nay, I'l make you to wait, you Flaps,
At Table till I have din'd,
And I'll leave you nothing but scraps,
Until I do find you more kind.

W.

15. Sweet Husband, I now cry *Peccavi*,
You know we women are frail;
And for the ill words that I gave ye,
Ask pardon and hope to prevail.

For now I will lie at your foot,
Desiring to kiss your hand:
Nay, cast off my Gallants to boot,
And still be at your command.

A Song, The Tune, *Robin Rawser.*

MY Name is honest *Harry*,
And I love little *Mary*:
In spight of *Cis*, or jealous *Bess*,
I'll have my own vagary.

2. My Love is blithe and bucksome,
And sweet and fine as can be;

Fresh

Fresh and gay as the flowers in *May*,
And looks like *Jack adandy*.

3. And if she will not have me,
That am so true a Lover,
I'l drink my Wine, and ne'r repine,
And down the stairs I'l shove her.

4. But if that she will love,
I'l be as kind as may be;
I'l give her Rings and pretty things,
And deck her like a Lady.

5. Her Peticoat of Satin,
Her Gown of Crimson Taby,
Lac'd up before and spangled o're,
Just like a *Bartlemew Baby*.

6. Her Wastcoat is of Scarlet,
With Ribons tied together,
Her Stockins of a bow-dy'd hue,
And her Shues of Spanish Leather.

7. Her Smock o'th' finest Holland,
And lac'd in every quarter:
Side and wide, and long enough,
And hangs below her garter.

8. Then

8. Then to the Church I'l have her,
Where we will wed together:
So come home when we have done,
In ſpight of wind and weather.

9. The Fidlers ſhall attend us,
And firſt play, *John come kiſs me*;
And when that we have danc'd around,
They ſhall play, *Hit or miſs me.*

10. Then hey for little *Mary*,
'Tis ſhe I love alone Sir:
Let any man do what he can,
I will have her or none Sir.

Theſe following are to be underſtood two ways.

I Saw a Peacock, with a fiery tail
I ſaw a blazing Comet, drop down hail
I ſaw a Cloud, with Ivy circled round
I ſaw a ſturdy Oak, creep on the ground
I ſaw a Piſmire, ſwallow up a Whale
I ſaw a raging Sea, brim full of Ale
I ſaw a Venice Glaſs, ſixteen foot deep
I ſaw a Well, full of mens tears that weep
I ſaw their Eyes, all in a flame of fire
I ſaw a Houſe, as big as the Moon and higher

I saw the Sun, even in the midst of night
I saw the Man that saw this wondrous sight.

On the Sea-fight with the Hollanders in the Rumps time.

MY vvishes great the Navy of the Dutch,
The English Fleet I all good fortune grutch,
May no storm toss *Van Trump* and his Sea-Forces,
The Harp and Cross shall have my daily curses,
Smile gentle Fates on the Dutch Admiral,
Upon our States the Plagues of *Egypt* fall:
Attend all health the Cavaliering part,
This Commonwealth I value not a fart.

Thus I my vvishes and my prayers divide
Between the Rebels and the Regicide:
Backwards and forwards thus I break my mind,
And hope the Fates at last vvill be so kind,
That the old Proverb may but vvheel about,
True men might have their own, now Knaves fall out.

The

The Answer to Ask me no more whither doth stray.

I'LL tell you true whither doth stray
The darkness which succeeds the day;
For Heavens vengeance did allow
It still should frown upon your Brow.

2. I'l tell you true where may be found
A voice that's like the Screech-Owls sound:
For in your false deriding throat
It lies, and death is in its note.

3. I'l tell you true whither doth pass
The smiling look seen in the glass,
For in your face't reflects and there
False as your shadow doth appear.

4. I'l tell you true whither are blown
The angry wheels of Thistle down.
It flies into your mind, whose care
Is to be light as Thistles are.

5. I'l tell you true within what Nest
The Cuckow lays her eggs to rest;
It is your Bosom, which can keep
Nor him nor them: Farwel, I'l sleep.

A Dialogue between William *and* Harry *Riding on the Way.*

H.

1. NOble, lovely, virtuous Creature,
Purposely so fram'd by nature;
To inthral your servants wits.

W.

2. Time must now unite our hearts,
Not for any my deserts,
But because methinks it fits.

H.

3. Dearest treasure of my thought,
And yet wert thou to be bought,
With my life, thou wert not dear.

W.

4. Secret comfort of my mind,
Doubt no longer to be kind,
But be so, and so appear.

H.

5. Give me love for love again,
Let our Loves be clear and plain,
Heaven is fairest, when it is clearest.

W.

6. Lest in clouds and in deferring,
We resemble Seamen erring,
Fartherst off when we are nearest.

H.

H.

7. Thus with numbers interchanged,
William's Muſe and mine have ranged,
Verſe and Journy both are ſpent.

W.

8. And if *Harry* chance to ſay,
That we well have ſpent the day,
I for my part am content.

A Gentleman on his beautiful Miſtreſs.

1. YOu meaner Beauties of the night,
That poorly ſatisfie our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the Sun ſhall riſe?

2. You curious Chanters of the Wood,
That warble forth Dame Natures Lays,
Thinking your voices underſtood
By their weak accents, What's your praiſe
When Philomel *her voice ſhall raiſe?*

3. You Violets that firſt appear,
By your purple Mantles known,
Like the proud Virgins of the year,

As if the Spring were all your own,
what are you when the Rose is blown?

4. So when my Mistris shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind,
She cannot less be than a Queen;
And I believe she was design'd
T'eclipse the Glory of her kind.

A Description of the Spring.

AND now all Nature seem'd in love,
The lusty Sun began to move:
Now Juice did stir th' embracing Vines,
And Birds had drawn their Valentines;
The jealous Trout that low did lie,
Rose at a well dissembled Flie;
Then stood my Friend with Patient skill,
Attending of his trembling Quill.
Already were the Eaves possest
With the swift Pilgrims dawbed Nest;
The Groves already did rejoyce,
In *Philomel*'s triumphing voice;
The Showrs were short, the Weather mild,
The Morning fresh, the Evening smil'd:
Jone takes her neat rub'd Pail, and now
She trips to meet the Sand-red Cow,

Where

Where for some sturdy Foot-ball Swain
Jone strokes a Syllabub or twain:
The Fields and Gardens were beset
With Tulip, Crocus, Violet:
And now, though late, the modest Rose
Did more than half a blush disclose:
Thus all look'd gay, all full of chear,
To welcome this new livried Year.

On a Shepherd losing his Mistris.

Tune, *Amongst the Myrtles as I walk'd.*

1. STay Shepherd, prethee Shepherd stay:
Didst thou not see her run this way?
Where may she be, canst thou not guess?
Alas! I've lost my Shepherdess.

2. I fear some Satyr has betray'd
My pretty Lamb unto the shade:
Then wo is me, for I'm undone,
For in the shade she was my Sun.

3 In Summer heat were she not seen,
No solitary Vale was green:
The blooming Hills, the downy Meads,
Bear not a Flower but where she treads.

4. Hush'd were the senseless Trees when she
State but to keep them company:
The silver streams were swell'd with pride,
When she sate singing by their side.

5. The Pink, the Cowslip, and the Rose
Strive to salute her where she goes;
And then contend to kiss her Shoo,
The Pancy and the Daizy too.

6. But now I wander on the Plains,
Forsake my home, and Fellow-Swains,
And must for want of her, I see,
Resolve to die in misery.

7. For when I think to find my Love
Within the bosum of a Grove,
Methinks the Grove bids me forbear,
And sighing says, She is not here.

8. Next do I fly unto the Woods,
Where *Flora* pranks herself with Buds,
Thinking to find her there: But lo!
The Myrtles and the Shrubs say, No.

9. Then what shall I unhappy do,
Or whom shall I complain unto?

No,

No, no, here I'm resolv'd to die,
Welcome sweet Death and Destiny.

The Soldiers Resolution.

HEre stands the man that for his Countreys good
Has with couragious Arms in sweat and blood
Ran through an Host of Pikes: He, he I was
Out-dar'd the Thunder of the roaring Brass,
Kickt my black Stars, spurn'd Balls of fire with scorn,
Like to a Foot-ball in a frosty morn;
Made Death to tremble, and have bin my Drum
Beat a Defiance to the Cowardly scum.
And shall I now like a Pedantick stand,
Scraping and crouching with my cap in hand
To base-born Peasants? No, he's but a Worm
That strikes his Top-sail to a little Storm.
Here then I'l fix, that nothing shall controul
The Resolutions of a Gallant Soul.

On the Golden Croſs in Cheapſide.

TWo Fellows gazing at the Croſs in *Cheap*,
Says one, Methinks it is the rareſt heap
Of Stone that e're was built; it ought, I ſee,
One of the Wonders of the World to be,
No, ſays the other, and began to ſwear,
The Croſſes of the World no Wonders are.

On a Pretender to Gentility, ſuſpected to be a Highway-man.

A Great Pretender to Gentility,
Came to a Herald for his Pedigree:
Beginning there to ſwagger, roar, and ſwear,
Requir'd to know what Arms he was to bear:
The Herald knowing what he was, begun
To rumble o'r his Heraldry; which done,
Told him he was a Gentleman of note,
And that he had a very glorious Coat.
Prethee, what is't? quoth he, and here's your fees.
Sir, ſays the Herald, 'tis two Rampant Trees,

One

One Couchant; add to give it further scope,
A Ladder Passant, and a Pendant Rope:
And for a grace unto your Blue coat Sleeves,
There is a Bird i'th' Crest that strangles Thieves.

A Song.

A Blith and bonny Country Lass
Sate sighing on the tender Grass,
And weeping said, will none come woo her?
A dapper Boy, a lither Swain,
That had a mind her love to gain,
With smiling looks straight came unto her.

2. When as the wanton Girl espied
The means to make her self a Bride,
She Simper'd much like bonny *Nell.*
The Swain that saw her very kind,
His Arms about her body twin'd,
And said, Fair Lass, how fare ye, well?

3. The Country Lass said, Well forsooth,
But that I have a longing tooth,
A longing tooth, that makes me cry.
Alas, says he, what gars thy grief?
A wound, says she, without relief,
I fear that I a Maid shall die.

4. If that be all, the Shepherd said,
I'l make thee Wife it, gentle Maid,
And so recure thy Malady:
On which they kist, with many an Oath,
And 'fore God *Pan* did plight their Troth;
So to the Church away they hie.

5. And *Jove* send every pretty Peat,
That fears to die of this conceit,
So kind a Friend to help at last:
Then Maids shall never long again,
When they find ease for such a pain:
And thus my Roundelay is past.

A Song on Love.

1. IF Love be Life, I long to die;
Live they that list for me,
And he that gains the most thereby.
A fool at least shall be.
But he that feels the sorest fits,
Scapes with no less than loss of wits.
Unhappy life they gain, which Love do entertain.

2. In day by feigned Looks they live,
By lying Dreams in night;

Each

Each frown a deadly wound doth give,
Each smile a false delight.
If't hap their Lady pleasant seem,
It is for others love they deem:
If void she seem of joy, disdain doth make her coy.

4. Such is the peace that Lovers find,
Such is the Life they lead,
Blown here and there with every wind,
Like Flowers in the Mead.
Now war, now peace, then war again,
Desire, despair, delight, disdain,
Though dead, in midst of life; in peace and yet at strife.

A Song.

I Serve *Amynta* whither than the snow,
Streighter than Cedar, brighter than the Glass,
More fine in trip than foot of running Roe,
More pleasant than the Field of flow'ring Grass;
More gladsom to my with'ring joys that fade,
Than Winters Sun, or Summers cooling Shade.

2. Sweeter than swelling Grape of ripest Vine,
Softer than feathers of the fairest swan,

Smoother than Jet, more stately than the Pine,
Fresher than Poplar, smaller than my span,
Clearer than *Phœbus* fiery pointed Beam,
Or Icy Crust of Crystals frozen streams.

3. Yet is she curster than the Bear by kind,
And harder-hearted than the aged Oak:
More glib than Oyl, more fickle than the Wind,
More stiff than steel, no sooner bent but broke.
Lo thus my service is a lasting sore;
Yet will I serve, although I die therefore.

The Description of Love, in a Dialogue between two Shepherds, Will *and* Tom.

Tom.

1. SHepherd, what's Love, I prethee tell?

Will.

It is that fountain and that Well
Where Pleasure and Repentance dwell:
It is perhaps that sauncing Bell
That toles All in to Heaven or Hell,
And this is Love, as I heard tell.

T.

2. Yet what is Love, I prethee say?

W.

W.

It is a work on Holy-day:
It is *December* match'd with *May*,
When lusty Bloods in fresh array,
Hear ten months after of their play;
And this is Love, as I hear say.

T.

3. Yet what is Love, I pray be plain?

W.

It is a Sun-shine mixt with Rain;
It is a Tooth-ach, or worse pain;
It is a Game, where none doth gain;
It is a thing turmoils the brain:
And this is Love, as I hear sayen.

T.

4. Yet Shepherd, what is Love, I pray?

W.

It is a yea, it is a nay,
A pretty kind of sporting fray;
It is a thing will soon away,
For 'twill not long with any sta,:
And this Love, as I hear say.

T.

5. Yet what is Love, good shepherd show?

W.

A thing that creeps, it cannot go;
A prize that passeth to and fro,
A thing for one, a thing for moe,

And he that loves ſhall find it ſo:
And Shepherd, this is Love, I trow.

A Song call'd Loves Lottery.

At the Dukes Houſe.

RUn to Loves Lottery, run Maids, and rejoice,
Whilſt ſeeking your chance, you meet your own Choice,
And boaſt that your luck you helpt with deſign,
By praying croſs-legg'd to S. *Valentine.*
Hark, hark, a Prize is drawn, and Trumpets ſound
Tanta, ra, ra, Tanta, ra, ra, Tanta, ra, ra.
Hark Maids, more Lots are drawn, Prizes abound;
Dub a dub, the Drum now beats,
And dub, a dub, a dub, Echo repeats,
As if the God of War had made
Loves Queen a ſkirmiſh for a Serenade.
Haſte, haſte, fair Maids, and come away,
The Prieſt attends, the Bridegrooms ſtay:
Roſes and Pinks will we ſtrow where you go,
Whilſt I walk in Shades of Willow.
When I am dead, let him that did ſlay me
Be but ſo kind, ſo gentle to lay me

There

There where neglected Lovers mourn,
Where Lamps and hallowed Tapers burn,
Where Clerks in Quires ſad Dirges ſing,
Where ſweetly Bells at Burials ring.

On a Gentleman.

Tune, *My Freedom, which is all my Joy.*

POor *Clorin* wept, and from her eyes
The liquid tears came trickling down;
Such wealthy drops may well ſuffice,
To be the ranſom of a Crown:
And as ſhe wept, ſhe ſigh'd, and ſaid,
Alas for me unhappy Maid.
That by my folly, my folly am betray'd.

2. When firſt theſe eyes, unhappy eyes,
Met with the Author of my wo,
Methoughts our Souls did ſympathize,
And it was death to ſay him no.
He ſu'd, I granted; O then befel
My ſhame, which I'me afraid to tell!
Ay me that I had never lov'd ſo well.

3. O had I been so wise as not
T'have yielded up my Virgin Fort,
My life had been without a blot,
And dar'd the envy of Report;
But now my guilt hath made me be
A scorn for time to point at me,
As at the But and Mark of Misery.

4. Here now in sorrow do I sit,
And pensive thoughts possess my breast!
My silly heart with cares is split,
And grief denies me wonted rest:
Come then black night and screen me round,
That I may never more be found,
unless in tears, in tears of sorrow drown'd.

On Men escap'd drowning in a Tempest.

1. ROcks, Shelves, and Sands, and all farewel:
Fie, who would dwell in such a Hell
As is a ship; which drunk doth reel,
Taking salt Healths from Deck to Keel.

2. Up we are swollowed in wet graves,
All sous'd in Waves, by *Neptune's* Slaves:

What

What ſhall vve do, being toſt to Shore,
Milk ſome blind Tavern, and there roar?

3. 'Tis brave, my Boys, to ſail on Land;
For being vvell man'd, vve can cry, Stand:
The Trade of purſing ne're ſhall fail,
Until the Hangman crys, Strike Sail.

On a great Heat in Egypt.

I Formerly in Contreys oft have been
Under the Æquinoctial, vvhere I've ſeen
The Sun diſperſe ſuch a prodigious Heat,
That made our Sieve-like Skins to rain vvith Sweat:
Men vvould have given for an Eclipſe their lives.
Or one vviſper of Air: yet each man ſtrives
To throw up graſs, feathers, nay, vvomen too,
To find the Wind: all falls like Lead, none blew.
The Dog-ſtar ſpits new fires, till't come to paſs,
Each man became his neighbours Burning glaſs:
Lean men did turn to aſhes preſently,
Fat men did roaſt to lean anatomy:
Young vvomens heat did get themſelves vvith child
For none but they themſelves, themſelves defil'd.

Old

Old women naturally to Witches turn'd,
And only rubbing one another, burn'd:
The beasts were bak'd, skin turn'd to crust they say,
And fishes in the River boil'd away:
Birds in the air were roasted, and not burn'd;
For as they fell down, all the way they turn'd.

On a mighty Rain.

HEaven did not weep, but in its swelling eye
Whole seas of Rheum and moist Catarhs did lie,
Which so bespaul'd the lower world, men see
Corn blasted, and the fruit of every Tree:
Air vvas condens'd to vvater, 'gainst their vvish,
And all their Fowl vvere turn'd to flying Fish:
Like Watermen they throng'd to ply a Fare,
And thought it had been navigable air:
Beasts lost their natural motion of each limb;
Forgot to go, vvith practising to swim.
A Trout novv here, you vvould not think hovv soon
T'ane ready dress't for th' Empress of the Moon:
The fixed Stars, though to our eyes vvere missing,
We knevv yet vvere, by their continual hissing.
Women seem'd Maremaids, sailing vvith the vvind;
The greatest miracle vvas Fish behind:

But

But men are all ſhort againſt their wiſh,
And I could commit but the cold ſin of Fiſh.

The blunt Lover.

MAdam, I cannot court your ſprightly eyes
With a Baſe-Viol plac'd betwixt my thighs:
I cannot liſp, nor to the Guittar ſing,
And tire my brains with ſimple Sonnetting,
I am not faſhion'd for theſe amorous times,
And cannot court you in laſcivious Rhimes:
Nor can I whine in puling Elegies,
And at your feet lie begging from your eyes
A gracious look: I cannot dance nor caper,
Nor dally, ſwear, proteſt, lie, rant, and vaper,
I cannot kiſs your hand, play with your hair,
And tell you that you only are moſt fair:
I cannot croſs my arms, nor cry, Ay me
Poor forlorn man! All this is foppery.
Nor can I Maſquerade, as th' faſhion's now,
No, no, My heart to theſe can never bow:
But what I can do, I ſhall tell you roundly,
Hark in your ear; By *Jove* I'le fuck you ſoundly.

On

On a Watch lost in a Tavern.

A Watch lost in a Tavern! That's a Crime;
Then see how men by drinking lose their time.
The Watch kept Time; and if Time will away,
I see no reason why the Watch should stay.
You say the Key hung out, and you forgot to lock it,
Time will not be kept pris'ner in a Pocket.
Henceforth if you will keep your Watch, this do,
Pocket your Watch, and watch your Pocket too.

A Song, with the Latine to it.

WHen as the Nightingale chanted her Vesper,
And the wild Forresters couch'd on the ground,
Venus invited me in the Evenings whisper
Unto a fragrant Field with Roses crown'd,
Where she before had sent her wishes complement,
Which to her hearts content plaid with me on the Green?
Never *Mark Anthony* dallied more wantonly
With the fair *Egyptian* Queen.

The

The Latin.

Cantu Luſcina ſomnum irritat,
Salvi vagi ſunt in Cubilibus:
Hoc me ſilentio Venus invitat,
Ad viridarium fragrantius;
ubi promiſerat, qui mentem flexerat
Gaudia temperat ſic mihi ſolida.
O non dux Amaſius luſit beatius
Cum Regina Nilotica.

De Vino & Venere.

DOte neither on *Women*, nor on *Wine*,
For to thy hurt they both alike incline:
Venus thy ſtrength, and *Bacchus* with his ſweet
And pleaſant Grape debilitates the feet.
Blind Love will blab what he in ſecret did,
In giddy Wine there's nothing can be hid.
Seditious wars oft *Cupid* hath begun,
Bacchus to arms makes men in fury run:
Venus (unjuſt) by horrid war loſt *Troy*;
Bacchus by war the *Lapiths* did deſtroy.
When thou with both or either are poſſeſt,
Shame, honeſty, and fear oft flies thy breſt:

In fetters *Venus* keept in gyves *Bacchus* tye,
Lest by their free gifts they thee damnifie.
Use Wine for thirst, *Venus* for lawful Seed;
To pass these limits, may thy danger breed.

On Wine.

HE that with Wine, Wine thinks t'expel,
One ill would with another quell:
A Trumpet, with a Trumpet drown:
Or with the Cryer of the Town
Still a loud man: Noise deaf with noise,
Or to convert a Bawd, make choice
Of a Pander: Pride with pride shame thus,
Or put a Cook down by *Calistratus*;
Discord by discord think to ease,
Or any man with scoffs appease:
So War by Battel to restrain,
And labour mitigate by pain:
Command a sudden peace between
Two shrill Scolds in the height of spleen:
By Drink to quench Drink is all one,
As is by strife, strife to attone.

A Song called Hide-Park.

The tune,

Honour invites you to delights,
Come to the Court, and be all made Knights.

1. COme all you noble, you that are neat ones,
Hide-Park is now both fresh and green:
Come all you Gallants that are great ones,
And are desirous to be seen:
Would you a Wife or Mistris rare,
Here are the best of *England* fair:
Here you may chuse, also refuse,
As you your judgments please to use.

2. Come all you Courtiers in your neat fashions,
Rich in your new unpaid-for silk:
Come you brave Wenches, and court your stations,
Here in the bushes the Maids do milk:
Come then and revel, the Spring invites
Beauty and youth for your delights,
All that are fair, all that are rare,
You shall have license to compare.

3. Here the great Ladies all of the Land are,
Drawn with six Horses at the least:
Here are all that of the *Strand* are,
And to be seen now at the best.
Westminster-Hall, who is of the Court,
Unto his place doth now all resort:
Both high and low here you may know,
And all do come themselves to shew.

4. The Merchants wives that keep their Coaches,
Here in the Park do take the air;
They go abroad to avoid reproaches,
And hold themselves as Ladies fair:
For whilst their Husbands gone are to trade
Unto their ships by Sea or Land:
Who will not say, why may not they
Trade, like their own Husbands, in their own way.

5. Here from the Country come the Girls flying
For husbands, though of parts little worth:
They at th' *Exchange* have been buying
The last new fashion that came forth:
And are desirous to have it seen,
As if before it ne're had been:
So you may see all that may be
Had in the Town or Countrey.

6. Here

3. Here come the Girls of the rich City,
Aldermens daughters fair and proud,
Their Jealous Mothers come t' invite eyes
For fear they should be lost i' th' croud
Who for their breeding are taught to dance,
Their birth and fortune to advance:
And they will be as frolick and free,
As you your self expect to see.

To his coy Mistris.

1. COy one, I say, Be gone,
My love-days now are done:
Were thy Brow like Iv'ry free,
Yet 'tis more black than Jet to me.

2. Might thy hairy Tress compare
With *Daphne's* sporting with the air,
As it is worse fetter'd far
Than th' knotty tuffs of Mandrakes are.

3. Were there in thy squint eyes found
True native sparks of Diamond;
As they are duller sure I am,
Than th' Eye-Lamps of a dying man,

4. Where thy breath a Civet scent,
Or some purer Element;
As there's none professe thee love,
Can touch thy lips without a Glove.

5. Were thy Nose of such a shape,
As Nature could no better make;
As it is so skrewed in,
It claims acquaintance with thy Chin.

6. Were thy Breasts two rising Mounts,
Those Ruby Nipples milky Founts,
As these two so fairly move,
They'd make a Lover freeze for love.

7. Could thy pulse affection beat,
Thy Palm a balmy moisture sweat;
As their active vigor's gone,
Dry and cold as any stone.

8. Were thy arms, legs, feet, and all,
That we with modesty can call;
Nay, were they all of such a grace,
As't might be stil'd, *Loves amorous place.*

9 As all these yield such weak delight,
They'd fright a Bridegroom the first night:

And

And hold it a curse for to be sped
Of such a fury in his bed.

10. Could thine high improved state,
Vye with the greatest Potentate:
As in all their store I find
Mole-hills to a noble mind.

11. Wert thou as rich in Beauties form,
As thou art held in Natures scorn:
I vow these should be none of mine,
Because they are entitled thine.

A Dialogue concerning Hair, between a Man and a Woman.

M.

1. ASk me no more why I do wear
My Hair so far below my ear:
For the first Man that e're was made
Did never know the Barbers Trade.

W.

2. Ask me no more where all the day
The foolish Owl doth make her stay:

'Tis in your Locks; for tak't from me,
She thinks your hair an Ivy-tree.

M.

3. Tell me no more that length of hair
Can make the visage seem less fair;
For howsoe'r my hair doth sit,
I'm sure that yours comes short of it.

W.

4. Tell me no more men were long hair
To chase away the colder air;
For by experience we may se[illegible]
Long hair will but a back friend be.

M.

5. Tell me no more that long hair can
Argue deboistness in a man;
For 'tis Religious being inclin'd,
To save the Temples from the wind.

W.

6. Ask me no more why Roarers wear
Their hair extant below their ear;

For

For having morgag'd all their Land,
They'd fain oblige the appearing Band.

M.

7. Ask me no more why hair may be
The expression of Gentility:
'Tis that which being largely grown,
Derives its Gentry from the Crown.

W.

8. Ask me no more why grass being grown,
With greedy Sickle is cut down,
Till short and sweet: So ends my Song,
Lest that long hair should grow too long.

A Song.

1. THat Beauty I ador'd before,
I now as much despise:
'Tis Money only makes the Whore:
She that for love with her Crony lies,
Is chaste: But that's the Whore that kisses for prize.

2. Let

2. Let *Jove* with Gold his *Danae* woo,
It shall be no rule for me:
Nay, 't may be I may do so too,
When I'me as old as he.
Till then I'le never hire the thing that's free.

3. If Coin must your Affection Imp,
Pray get some other Friend:
My Pocket ne're shall be my Pimp,
I never that intend,
Yet can be noble too, if I see they mend.

4. Since Loving was a Liberal Art,
How canst thou trade for gain?
The pleasure is on your part,
'Tis we Men take the pain:
And being must so, Women have the gain?

5. No, no, I'le never farm your Bed,
Nor your Smock-Tenant be:
I hate to rent your white and red,
You shall not let your Love to me:
I court a Mistris, not a Landlady.

6. A Pox take him that first set up,
Th' Excise of Flesh and Sin:

And

And since it will no better be,
Let's both to kiss begin;
To kiss freely; if not, you may go spin.

The Careless Swain.

1. IS she gone? let her go; faith Boys, I care not,
I'l not sue after her, I dare not, I dare not.
Though she'as more Land than I by many an Acre,
I have plow'd in her ground, who will may take her.

2. She is a witty one, and she is fair too;
She must have all the Land that she is Heir too:
But as for Free Land she has not any,
For hers is *Lammas* ground common to many.

3. Were it in Several, 'twere a great favour,
It might be an inriching to him that shall have her:
But hers is common ground, and without bounding,
You may graze in her ground, and fear no pounding.

A Catch for three Voices.

Jack, Will and *Tom* are ye come,
I think there is mirth in your faces:
How glad I'm to see such Lads all agree
In tunes and time, and graces.

A Song.

1. *Chloris*, when I to thee present
The cause of all my discontent;
And shew that all the wealth that can
Flow from this little world of man,
Is nought but Constancy and Love,
Why will you other objects prove?

2. O do not cozen your desires.
With common and mechanick fires:
That picture which you see in gold,
In every shop is to be sold,
And Diamonds of richest prize
Men only value with their eyes.

3. But look upon my loyal heart,
That knows to value every part;

And

And loves thy hidden virtue more
Than outward shape, which fools adore:
In that you'l all the treasures find
That can content a noble mind.

The forsaken Maid, A Song.

1. NOr Love, nor Fate dare I accuse,
For that my Love doth me refuse:
But O mine own unworthiness,
That durst presume so great a bliss!
Too mickle 'twere for me to love
A man so like the Gods above,
With Angels face, and Saint-like voice,
'Tis too Divine for Humane choice.

2. But had I wisely given mine heart,
For to have lov'd him but in part:
As only to enjoy his face,
Or any one peculiar Grace;
As foot, or hand, or lip, or eye:
Then had I liv'd where now I die.
But I presuming all to chuse,
Am now condemned all to lose.

3. You Rural Gods that guard the Swains,
And punish all unjust disdains;

O do not censure him for this,
It was my error, and not his.
This only boon of you I'le crave,
To fix these Lines upon my Grave:
Like Icarus, *I soar'd too high,*
For which offence I pine, I die.

On a Precise Taylor.

A Taylor, but a man of upright dealing,
True, but for lying honest, but for stealing;
Did fall one day extremely sick by chance,
And on a Sudden fell in a wondrous Trance:
The Fiends of Hell must'ring in fearful manner,
Of sundry colour'd Silks display'd a Banner
Which he had stoln; and wish'd, as they did tell,
That he might one day find it all in Hell.
The man affrighted at this Apparition,
Upon Recovery grew a great Precisian;
He bought a Bible of the new Translation,
And in his Life he shew'd great Reformation:
He walk'd demurely, and he talked meekly,
He heard two Lectures, and two Sermons weekly:
He vow'd to shun all Company unruly,
And in his speech he us'd no Oath but Truly:
And zealously to help the Sabbaths Rest,
The Meat for that day on the Eve was drest:

And

And lest the custom that he had to steal,
Might cause him sometimes to forget his zeal,
He gives his Journey-man a special charge,
That if the Stuff allow'd fell out to large,
And that to filch his fingers were inclin'd,
He then should put the Banner in his mind.
This done, I scarce can tell the rest for laughter,
A Captain of a Ship came three days after,
And bought three yards of Velvet and three-quarters,
To make his Vest so large to hang below his garters.
He that precisely knew what was enough,
Soon slipt away a quarter of the Stuff:
His man espying it, said in derision,
Remember, Master, how you saw the Vision.
Peace, Fool, quoth he, I did not see one rag
Of such like colour'd Stuff within the Flag.

The Scotch Girls Complaint for an Englishmans going away, when my Lord Monk *came for* England.

1. ILl tide this cruel Peace that hath gain'd a War on me,
I never fancied Laddy till I saw mine Enemy:
O methoughts he was the blithest one
That e're I set mine eyes upon:

Well

Well might have fool'd a wiser one,
As he did me:
He look'd so pretty, and talk'd so witty,
None could deny,
But needs must yield the Fort up,
Gude faith, and so did I.

2. Tantara went the Trumpets, and strait we were in Arms,
We dreaded no Invasions, Embraces were our Charms.
As we close to one another sit,
Did according to our Mothers wit,
But hardly now can smother it,
It will be known,
Alack and welly, sick back and belly,
Never was Maid,
A Soldier is a coming, though young,
Makes me afraid.

3. To *England* bear this Sonnet, direct it unto none,
But to the brave *Monk*-Heroes, both sigh and singing moan:
Some there are perhaps will take my part,
At his bosom *Cupid* shake his dart,
That from me he ne'r may part,
That is mine own:

O maist thou never wear Bow and Quiver,
Till I may see
Once more the happy feature
Of my lov'd Enemy.

On Fairford *curious Church-Windows, which scap'd the war and the Puritan.*

TEll me, you Anti-Saints, why Glass
To you is longer liv'd than Brass;
And why the Saints have scap'd their falls
Better on Windows than on Walls?
Is it because the Brothers fires
Maintain a Glass-house at *Black-friers*?
Next, why the Church stands North and South,
And East and West the Preachers mouth?
Or is't because such painted ware
Resembles something what you are?
So pied, so seeming, so unsound
In Doctrine and in Manners found,
That out of Emblematick wit
You spare your selves in sparing it?
If it be so, then *Fairford* boast,
Thy Church hath kept what all hath lost:
It is preserved from the bane
Of either War or Puritan:

Whose Life is coloured in thy Paint,
The inside Dross, but outside Saint.

The Soldiers praise of a Lowse.

1. WIll you please to hear a new Ditty,
In praise of a six footed Creature:
She lives both in Country and City,
She's wondrous loving by nature.

2. She'l proffer her service to any,
She'l stick close but she will prevail:
She is entertained by many,
Till death no Master she'l fail.

3. Your rich men she cannot endure,
Nor can she your shifter abide:
But still she sticks close to the poor,
Though often they claw her hide.

4. The non-suited man she'l woo him,
Or any good fellows that lack:
She will be as nigh a friend to him
As the shirt that sticks to his back.

5. Your neat Landress she perfectly loves,
And those that do set her a work:

And

And ſtill in foul Linnen delights,
That ſhe in the ſeams on't may lurk.

6. Corruption ſhe draws like a Horſe-leech,
Being big, ſhe grows a great breeder:
At night ſhe goes home to her Cottage,
And in the day is a devilliſh feeder.

7. To Commanders and Soldiers in purging
I'm ſure her Receipts are good:
For ſhe ſaves them the charge of a Surgeon
In ſucking and letting of blood.

8. She'l venture in a Battel as far
As any Commander that goes:
She'l play *Jack* a both ſides in war,
And cares not a pin for her foes.

9. She's always ſhot free in fight,
To kill her no Sword will prevail:
And if took Priſoner by flight,
She's cruſh'd to death with a Nail.

10. From her and her breed *Jove* defend us
For her company we have had ſtore:
Let her go to the Court and the Gentry,
And trouble poor Souldiers no more.

A Song.

1. METhought the other night
I saw a pretty sight
That mov'd me much:
A fair and comely Maid
Not squeamish nor afraid
To let me touch.
Our lips most sweetly kissing
Each other never missing:
Her smiling look did shew content,
That she did nought but what she meant.

2 And as our lips did move,
The Echo still was Love,
Love, love me sweet.
Then with a Maiden blush,
Instead of crying Push,
Our lips did meet:
With Musick sweet by sounding,
And Pleasures all abounding,
We kept the Burden of the Song,
Which was, *That Love should take no wrong.*

An old Song on the the Spanish Armado.

1. SOme years of late in eighty eight.
As I do well remember,
It was some say, nineteenth of *May*,
And some say in *September*,
And some say in September.

2. The Spanish train, lanch'd forth amain,
With many a fine bravado
Their (as they thought) but it prov'd not,
Invincible *Armado*,
Invincible Armado.

3. There was a little man that dwelt in *Spain*,
Who shot well in a Gun a,
Don Pedro hight, as black a wight.
As the Knight of the Sun a,
As the Knight of the Sun a.

4. King *Philip* made him Admiral,
And bid him not to stay a

But to destroy, both man and boy,
And so to come away a,
And so to come away a.

5. This Navy was well victualled
With Bisket, Pease, and Bacon,
They brought two Ships, well fraught with Whips,
But I think they were mistaken.
But I think they were mistaken.

6 There men were young, Munition strong,
And to do us more harm a,
They thought it meet to joyn their Fleet,
All with the Prince of *Parma*,
All with the Prince of Parma.

7. They coasted round about our Land,
And so came in b' *Dover*:
But we had men set on 'um then,
And threw the Rascals over,
And threw the Rascals over.

8. The Queen was then at *Tilbury*,
What could me more desire a,
And Sir *Francis Drake* for her sweet sake,
Did set them all on fire a,
Did set them all on fire a.

9. Then straight they fled by Sea and Land,
That one man kill'd threescore a;
And had not they all run away,
In truth he had kill'd more a,
In truth he had kill'd more a,

10. Then let them neither brag nor boast,
But if they come agen a,
Let them take heed, they do not speed,
As they did you know when a,
As they did you know when a,

The Loyal Prisoner.

1. BEat on proud Billows, *Boreas* blow,
Swell curled waves high as *Jove's* roof:
Your incivility shall show,
That innocence is Tempest proof:
Though furious Nero's *frown, my thoughts are calm,*
Then strike affliction, for your wounds are balm.

2. That which the world miscalls a Jail,
A private Closet is to me,

Whilst a good Conscience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty,
Lock, Bars, and Solitude together met,
Makes me no Pris'ner, but an Anchoret.

3. And whilst I wish to be retir'd
Into this private room was turn'd;
As if their wisdoms had conspir'd
The Sallamander should be burn'd;
Or like those Sophies, which would drown a fish,
I am condemn'd to suffer what I wish.

4. The Cynick hugs his poverty,
The Pellican her Wilderness:
And 'tis the Indians pride to be
Naked on frozen *Caucasus.*
Contentment cannot smart, Stoicks we see,
Make torments easie to their Apathie.

5. I'm in this Cabinet lock'd up,
Like some high prized *Margerite:*
Or like some great Mogul or Pope.
Am cloister'd up from publick, sight:
Retiredness is a piece of Majesty;
And thus proud Sultan, I'm as great as thee.

6. These Manicles about my arms,
I as my Mistris Favours wear:

And

And for to keep my ankles warm,
I have some iron Shackles there:
These walls are but my Garrison, my Cell,
What men call Jail, doth prove my Citadel.

7. So he that stroke at *Jasons* life,
Thinking to have made his purpose sure,
With a malicious friendly knife,
Was only wounded to a cure.
Malice, I see, wants wit; for what is meant
Mischief oft-times proves favours by th' event.

8. What though I cannot see my King,
Neither in's Person, nor his Coin;
Yet Contemplation is a thing
Which renders what I have not mine:
My King from me what Adamants can part,
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart?

9. Have you not seen the Nightingale
A prisoner like, coop'd in a Cage?
How she doth chaunt her wonted tale,
In that her narrow Hermitage?
Even then her Melody doth plainly prove,
That her Boughs are Trees, her Cage a Grove.

10. I am that Bird whom they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty:

Although

Although they see my Corps confin'd,
Yet maugre hate, my soul is free.
Although I'm mew'd, yet I can chirp and sing.
Disgrace to Rebels, Glory to my King.

On his first Love.

MY first Love whom all beauty did adorn,
Firing my heart, suppress it with her scorn,
And since like Tinder in my breast it lies,
By every sparkle made a Sacrifice:
Each wanton eye, now kindles my desire,
And that is now to all, which was intire:
For now my wanton thoughts are not confin'd
Unto a woman, but to woman kind:
This for her shape I love, that for her face,
This for her gesture, or some other grace:
And sometimes when I none of these can find,
I chuse them by the kernel, not the rind;
And so do hope, though my chief hope be gone,
To find in many what I lost in one.
She is in fault which caus'd me first to stray,
Needs must he wander which hath lost his way:

Guiltless

Guiltleſs I am, ſhe did this change provoke,
And made that Charcoal, which at firſt was Oak:
For as a looking-glaſs to the aſpect,
Whilſt it is vvhole, doth but one face reflect;
But crack'd and broken in pieces, there are ſhown
Many falſe faces vvhere firſt vvas but one:
So love into my heart did firſt prefer
Her Image, and there planted none but her;
But vvhen 'twas crack'd and martyr'd by her ſcorn,
Many leſs faces in her ſeat vvere born:
Thus like to Tinder, I am prone to catch
Each falling ſparkle, fit for any match.

On a Bluſh.

STay luſty blood, vvhere vvilt thou ſeek
So bleſt a place as in her cheek?
How canſt thou from that cheek retire,
Where vertue doth command deſire?
But if thou canſt not ſtay, then flow
Down to her painting paps below;
Flow like a Deluge from her breaſts,
Where *Venus* Swans have built their Neſts;
And ſo take glory to beſtain
With azure blew each ſwelling Vein:

Then

Then boiling, run through every part,
Till thou hast warm'd her frozen heart:
And if from love it would retire,
Then Martyr it with gentle fire:
And having search'd each secret place,
Fly thou back into her face:
Where live thou blest in changing those
White Lillies to a ruddy Rose.

In praise of a Mask.

There is not half so warm a fire
In fruition as desire:
When we have got the fruit of pain,
Possession makes us poor again.
Expected form and shape unknown,
Whets and makes sharpe temptation:
Sense is too nigardly for bliss,
And daily pays us with what is.
But ignorance doth give us all
That can within her brightness fall.
Veil therefore still, whilst I divine
The riches of that hidden Mine;
And make imagination tell
All wealth that can in beauty dwell,

Thus

Thus the highly valu'd Oar,
Earths dark Exchequer keeps in ſtore:
And ſearch'd in ſecret, only quits
The travel of the hands and vvits;
Who dares to ranſack all the hoards,
That Natures privy Purſe affords.
Our eye the apprehenſions Thief,
Blinds our unlimited belief.
When vve ſee all, vve nothing ſee,
Diſcloſure may prove Robbery.
For if you ſhine not, faireſt, being ſhown,
I pick a Cabinet fot a *Briſtol* Stone.

Excuſe for Abſence.

YOu'l ask, perhaps, wherefore I ſtay,
Loving ſo much, ſo long away?
Do not think 'twas I did part;
It was my body, not my heart:
For, like a Compaſs, in your love
One Foot is fixt that cannot move:
To' other may follow the blind guide
Of giddy Fortune, but not ſlide
Beyond your Service; nor dares venture
To wander far from you the Center.

To his Mistris.

KEep on your Mask, and hide your eye,
For with beholding it I die,
Your fatal Beauty, *Gorgon*-like,
Dead with astonishment doth strike:
Your piercing eyes, if them I see,
Are worse than Basilisks to me.
Shut from mine eyes those hills of Snow,
Their melting Valley do not show;
Those Azure paths lead to despair.
O vex me not, forbear, forbear:
For whilst I thus in torment dwell,
The sight of Heaven is worse than Hell.
Your dainty voice, and warbling breath,
Sound like a Sentence past for death:
Your dangling Tresses are become
The instruments of final doom;
O if an Angel torture so
When life is done, what shall I do?

To

To his Miſtris.

I'Ll tell you how the Roſe did firſt grow red,
And whence the Lilly whiteneſs borrowed:
You bluſh'd, and then the Roſe with red was dight:
The Lilly kiſt your hand, and ſo came white.
Before that time each Roſe had but a ſtain,
The Lilly nought but paleneſs did contain:
You have the native colour, thoſe the dye,
They flouriſh onely in your eye.

Hic jacet John Shorthoſe
Sine hoſe, *ſine* ſhooes, *ſine* breeches,
Qui fuit dum vixit, ſine goods,
Sine lands, *ſine* riches.

On

On his Miſtris.

IS ſhe not wondrous fair? O but I ſee
She is ſo much too ſweet, too fair for me,
That I forget my flames, and every fire
Hath taught me not to love, but to admire:
Juſt like the Sun, methinks I ſee her face,
Which I ſhould gaze on ſtill, but not embrace;
For 'tis Heavens pleaſure that ſhe ſhould be ſent
As pure to Heaven again, as ſhe was lent
To us: And bid us, as we hope for bliſs,
Not to profane her with a mortal kiſs.
Then how cold grows my Love, and I how hot?
O how I love her, how I love her not!
So doth my Ague-love torment by turns,
And now it freezeth, now again it burns.

A Sigh.

GO thou gentle vviſp'ring Wind,
Bear this Sigh, and if you find
Where my cruel Fair doth reſt,
Caſt it in her ſnowy Breaſt:

The

The ſweet Kiſſes thou ſhalt gain,
Will reward thee for thy pain.
Taſte her lips, and then confeſs,
If *Arabia* doth poſſeſs
Or the *Hybla* honour'd hill,
Sweets like thoſe that there diſtil.
Having got ſo, with a fee
Do another boon for me:
Thou canſt with thy powerful blaſt
Heat apace and cool as faſt;
Then for pity either ſtir
Up the fire of Love in her,
That alike both flames may ſhine,
Or elſe quite extinguiſh mine.

To a ſpruce and very finely deck'd Lady.

1. STill to be neat, ſtill to be dreſt,
As if you were going to a feaſt:
Still to be powder'd, ſtill perfum'd,
Lady, it is to be preſum'd,
Though Arts hid cauſes are not found,
All is not ſweet, all is not ſound.

2. Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes largely flowing, hairs as free;
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all th' Adulteries of Art:
They please my eye, but not my heart.

The Good Fellows Song.

1. AS we went wandring all the night,
The Brewers Dog our brains did bite,
Our Heads grew heavy, and our Heels grew light,
And we like our humour well boys,
And we like our humour well.

2. Our Hostess then bid us pay her Score,
We call'd her Whore, and we paid her no more,
And we kick'd our Hostess out of the door,
And we like our humour well boys.
And we like our humour well.

3. And as we went wandring in the Street,
We trod the Kennels under our feet,
And fought with every Post we did meet,
And we like our humour well boys.
And we like our humour well.

4. The

4. The Constable then with his staff and band,
He bid us if we were men to stand.
We told him he bid us do more than we can,
And we like our humour well boys,
And we like our humour well.

5. Our Hostesses Cellar it is our bed,
Upon the Barrels we lay our head,
The night is our own, for the Devil is dead,
And we like our humour well boys,
And we like our humour well,

Upon Fasting.

THe poor man fasts, because he has no meat:
The sick man fasts, because he cannot eat:
The Usurer fasts, to encrease his store:
The Glutton fasts, 'cause he can eat no more;
The Hypocrite, because he'd be commended:
The Saints do fast, because they have offended.

ONe wish'd me to a wife that's fair and young,
That hath *French*, *Spanish*, and *Italian* tongue:
I thank'd him, but yet I have none of such;
For I think one tongue for a Maid's too much:
What, love you not the Learned? yes as my life.
The learned Scholar, but the unlearned Wife.

On a Lover that would not be beloved again.

DIsdain me still, that I may ever love,
For who his love enjoys, can love no more:
The War once past, with peace men cowards prove,
The ships return'd do rot upon the shore,
Then frown though I say thou art most fair,
And still I love thee, though I still despair.

As heat to life, so is desire to love, (done:
For these once quench'd, both life and love are
Let not my sighs and tears thy virtues move
Like basest Metal do not melt so soon,
Laugh at my woes although I ever mourn,
Love surfeits with rewards, his Nurse is scorn.

A Rural Song.

1. COme Lads and Lasses, each one that passes,
Dance a round on the ground
Whilst green the grass is.
For if you'l ever, with mirth endeavour
With heart and voice, rejoyce,
Come now or never:
For the blind Boy Love was caught and betray'd
In the Trap that was laid
For the poor silly Maid.

2. Now here, now yonder, with Goose and Gander,
With your Ducks, Hens, and Cocks,
Safe may you wander,
Securely may you go, to the Market to and fro,
John and *Jone* all arow,
And never fear the foe,
For the blind Boy Love was caught and betray'd
In the Trap that was laid
For the poor silly Maid.

3. Sweetest come hither, let us thither,
Where we'l court, and there sport
Freely together.

We'l enjoy kisses, with other blisses,
So come home, when we have done,
And none shall miss us.
For the blind Boy Love was caught and betray'd
In the Trap that was laid,
For the poor silly Maid.

4. Over yon Bower, *Jove* seems to lowre,
As he meant to prevent
Our happiest hour:
But the times treasure, giving us leasure
In spight of *Jove*, for to prove
Our chiefest pleasure.
For the blind Boy Love was caught and betray'd
In the Trap that was laid,
For the poor silly Maid.

A Scotch Song, called Gilderoy.

1. WAS ever grief so great as mine,
Then speak dear Bearn, I prethee,
That thus must leave my *Gilderoy*,
O my Benison gang with thee.

Good

Good speed be with you then Sir, she said,
For gone is all my joy:
And gone is he whom I love best,
My handsom *Gilderoy*.

2. In muckle joy we spent our time
Till we were both fifteen,
Then wantonly he ligg'd me down,
And amongst the Brakes so green.
When he had done what man could do,
He rose up and gang'd his way:
I gate my Goon, and I followed him,
My handsom *Gilderoy*.

3. Now *Gilderoy* was a bonny Boy,
Would needs to'th King be gone,
With his silken Garters on his legs,
And the Roses on his shoone:
But better he had staid at home
With me his only joy,
For on a Gallow-tree they hung
My handsom *Gilderoy*.

4. When they had ta'ne him and so strong,
Gude Lord how sore they bound him,
They carried him to *Edenbrough Town*,
And there God wot they hung him:

They knit him fast above the rest,
And I lost my only joy,
For evermore my Benison
Gang with my *Gilderoy*.

5. Wo worth that man that made those Laws,
To hang a man for genee,
For neither stealing Ox nor Ass,
Or bony Horse or Meere:
Had not their Laws a bin so strict,
I might have got my joy:
And ne'r had need tull a wat my cheek
For my dear *Gilderoy*.

A Song to his Mistris.

1. I Will not do a Sacrifice
To thy face or to thy eyes:
Nor unto thy Lilly palm,
Nor thy breath that wounding balm:
But the part to which my heart
In vows is seal'd,
Is that Mine of Bliss Divine
Which is conceal'd.

2. What

2. What's the Golden fruit to me,
If I may not pluck the Tree:
Bare enjoying all the rest,
Is but like a golden Feast,
Which at need can never feed
Our love-sick wishes:
Let me eat substantial meat,
Not view the dishes.

The Advice.

Phyllis for shame, let us improve
A thousand several ways,
These few short minutes stoln by love
From many tedious days.

Whilst you want courage to despise
The censure of the Grave:
For all the Tyrants in your eyes,
Your heart is but a slave.

My love is full of noble pride,
And never will submit
To let that Fop Discretion ride
In triumph over Wit.

False

False Friends I have as well you,
That daily counsel me
Vain friv'lous trifles to pursue,
And leave off loving thee.

When I the least belief bestow
On what such fools advise,
May I be dull enough to grow
Most miserably wise.

The Batchelors Song.

Like a Dog with a Bottel fast ty'd to his Tail,
Like a Vermin in a Trap, or a Thief in a Jail,
Like a Tory in a Bog,
Or an Ape with a Clog,
Even such is the man, who when he may go free,
Does his Liberty lose
In a Matrimony Noose,
And sells himself into Captivity.

The Dog he doth howl when the Bottle doth jog.
The Vermin, the Thief, and the Tory in vain
Of the Trap, of the Jail, of the Quagmire complain,

But

But well fare poor Pug,
For he plays with his Clog;
And though he would be rid on't rather than his life,
Yet he hugs it and tugs it as a Man does his Wife.

The Batchelors Satyr retorted.

1. Like a Dog that runs madding at Sheep or at Cows,
Like a Boar that runs brumling after the Sows,
Like a Jade full of Rancor,
Or a Ship without Anchor,
Such is the Libertine whom ſenſe invites
To ſpend his leiſures
In recoyling pleaſures,
And prefers Looſeneſs unto *Hymens* Rites:
Whereas that honeſt Tedder holds
The Dog from ranging to the Folds;
And the ſoft tie of fixt deſire,
Keeps men from the Boariſh mire;
The Bit and Reins
The Horſe reſtrains,
And th' Anchor ſaves
The Ship from Waves

Vermin

Vermin indeed are oft deserv'dly caught
In their own Traps,
Venereous Claps,
Which Health and Wealth and Conscience dearly bought.

2. Those Felons of themselves are their own Jails,
And by stoln Pleasure do their sin intail;
Such wandring Tories in unknown Bogs,
And busie Urchins are ensar'd by Clogs:
But well fare that Bird,
That sweetly is heard
To sing in the contented Cage,
Secure from fears,
And all the snares
Of a Licentious and trepanning Age,
Passing a calm harmonious Life,
Just like an honest Man and Wife.

A Reply to the Batchelors Satyr retorted.

LIke a Cat with her Tail fast hel'd by a Peg,
Like a Hog that gruntles when he's ty'd by the leg,
Like a gall'd Horse in a Pownd,
Or a Ship run a ground:

Such

Such is the Man, who ty'd in a Nuptial Nooze,
With the proud Stoick, brags,
Of his Patches, and his Rags
And rails at looseness, yet would fain get loose,

Whereas the Cat, not knowing who vext her,
Tooth and nail assaults the thing that is next her;
And the soft tye of fixt desire
Binds the Hog to the Paradise of his dear Mire:
The Horse frisks about,
But cannot get out;
And the Anchor gives way
To the boysterous Sea.
Husbands indeed are oft deserv'dly caught
In their own Traps,
By others Claps,
Or Midwives, Nurses, Cradles dearly bout.

These Felons to themselves are their own Jail:
Some on the Parish do their Brats entail,
Like Tories from their Wives and Children run,
Designing but to Do, and be Undone:
Or else like Hedghogs under Crabtrees roll,
To bring home to their Drabs
A burthen of Crabs,
And then retire to their Hole.

But

But well fare the Owl,
Of all feather'd Fowl,
That in the contented Ivy-bush sings;
She dodders all day,
While the little birds play,
And at midnight she flutters her wings,
Hooting out her mopish discontented Life,
Just like and honest man and Wife.

On a Wedding.

HOw pleasant a thing were a Wedding,
And a Bedding?
If a Man could purchase a Wife
For a twelvemonth and a day:
But to live with her all a mans life,
For ever and for ay,
Till she grows as grey as a Cat:
Good faith, Mr. Parson, excuse me for that.

The Answer.

HOw honest a thing is a Wedding,
And a Bedding?
If a man but make choice of a virtuous Wife,
To live with for aye,
Not a month and a day.
But to love and to cherish all days of his life,
Till both are grown grave, rich, fruitful, and fat:
Good sooth (Sir) there needs no excuses for that.

And then against all Syrens safely stands
The wise Ulysses ty'd with Nuptial Bands.

---

upon His Majesties Picture drawn by a Fair Lady.

YOur hand with Nature at a Noble strife,
Hath paid our Soveraign a great share of Life.
Strange fate! that *Charles* did ne'r more firmly stand,
Then when twice rescu'd by a female hand.
Fair Voucher of the Royal Head, which we owe
Though first to Madam *Lane*, yet next to you.

But

But here your glory much doth hers out-vie,
She us'd disguise, you use discovery:
And sure there's not so much of Honour shown
To save by hiding, as by making known:
Yet hence for you the odds do higher lie,
She sav'd from Death, you from Mortality;
Who in despight of fate can give reprieve,
And in this breathless Image make him live.
Warwicks great worth must quit the leaves of fame,
There never was a make King till you came.
Had *Sheba*'s Queen known thus, she need not roam,
Sh' had seen the Learned Monarch nearer home.
O how *Vandike* would fret himself, by you
Baffl'd at once in th' Art and Object too!
Nature her self amaz'd, doth scarce yet know
For certain, whether, she drew both, or you:
And we, seeing so much life in th' Image shown,
Fear least it speak, and lay a Claim to th' Crown.
And th' vulgar apt to a more gross mistake,
Should *Charles* but for his Pictures Picture take.
Who knows what harm might from your pencil come
If Painting had not been an Art that's dumb.
Worc'sters strict search had ceas'd, did *Cromwel* know
How much of *Charles* your hand could to him show;
And the great Rebel would contented be
To have him murther'd in this Effigie;
Wherein he doth so much himself appear,
I am i'th' Presence whilst I spy him here.

His

His Crown he may from others hands receive,
But only you *Charles* to himself could give.
To be thus lively drawn is not the only thing
Could almost make me wish my self a King.

Go on, Fair Hand, and by a nobler Art
Make *Charles* a Prince compleat in every part:
And to the world this rare example show,
You can make Kings, and get them Subjects too.

A Song.

1. SO wretched are the sick of Love,
No Herb has vertue to remove
The growing ill;
But still,
The more we Remedies oppose
The Feaver more a malignant grows.
Doubts do but add unto desire,
Like Oyl that's thrown upon the fire;
Which serves to make the flame aspire,
And not t' extinguish it:
Love has its trembling, and its burning fit.

2. Fruition which the sick propose
To end, and recompence their woes,
But turns them o're
To more.
And curing one, does but prepare
A new, perhaps a greater care.
Enjoyment even in the chaste,
Pleases, not satisfies the taste,
And licens'd Love the worst can fast.
Such is the Lovers state,
Pining and pleas'd, alike unfortunate.

3. *Sabina* and *Camilla* share
An equal interest in care,
Fear hath each breast
Possest.
In different Fortunes, one pure flame
Makes their unhappiness the same.
Love begets fear, fear grief creates,
Passion still passion animates,
Love will be love in all estates:
His power still is one
Whether in hope or in possession.

A Song.

1. TO Arms! to Arms! the Heroes cry;
A glorious Death, or Victory.
Beauty and Love, although combin'd,
And each so powerful alone,
Cannot prevail against a mind
Bound up in resolution.
Tears their weak influence vainly prove;
Nothing the daring breast can move
Honour is blind, and deaf, ev'n deaf to love.

2. The Field! the Field! where Valour bleeds,
Spurn'd into dust by barbed steeds,
Instead of wanton Beds of Down
Is now the Scene where they must try,
To overthrow, or be o'rethrown;
Bravely to overcome, or dye.
Honour in her interest sits above
What Beauty, Prayers, or tears can move:
Were there no Honour, there would be no Love.

A Song.

1. BEauty that it self can kill,
Through the finest temper'd steel,
Can those wounds she makes endure;
And insult it o're the brave,
Since she knows a certain cure,
When she is dispos'd to save:
But when a Lover bleeding lies,
Wounded by other Arms,
And that she sees those harms,
For which she knows no remedies;
Then Beauty Sorrows every weak,
And whilst she melts away in tears,
Drooping in Sorrow shews
Like Roses overcharg'd with morning dews.

2. Nor do women, though they wear
The most tender character,
Suffer in this case alone:
Hearts enclos'd with Iron Walls,
In humanity must groan
When a noble Hero falls.

Pitiless

Pitileſs courage would not be
An honour, but a ſhame;
Nor bear the noble name
Of valour, but barbarity;
The generous even in ſucceſs
Lament their enemies diſtreſs;
And ſcorn it ſhould appear
Who are the Conquer'd, with the Conqueror.

A Song.

1. THe young, the fair, the chaſte, the good,
The ſweet *Camilla*, in a flood
Of her own Crimſon lies
A bloody, bloody ſacrifice
To Death and man's inhumane cruelties.
Weep Virgins till your ſorrow ſwells
In tears above the Ivory Cells
That guard thoſe Globes of light;
Drown, drown thoſe beauties of your eyes.
Beauty ſhould mourn, when beauty dies;
And make a general night,
To pay her innocence its Funeral rite.

2. Death since his Empire first begun,
So foul a conquest never won,
Nor yet so fair a prize;
And had he had a heart, or eyes,
Her beauties would have charm'd his cruelties.
Even Savage Beasts will Beauty spare,
Chaft Lions fawn upon the fair;
Nor dare offend the chaste:
But vitious man, that sees and knows
The mischiefs his wild fury does,
Humours his passions haste,
To prove ungovern'd man the greatest beast.

A Song.

1. HOw frailty makes us to our wrong
Fear, and be loth to dye,
When Life is only dying long
And Death the remedy!
We shun eternity,
And still would gravel her beneath,
Though still in woe and strife,
When Life's the path that leads to Death,
And Death the door to Life.

2. The

2. The Fear of Death is the disease
Makes the poor patient smart;
Vain apprehensions often freeze
The vitals in the heart,
Without the dreaded Dart.
When fury rides on pointed steel
Deaths fear the heart doth seize,
Whilst in that very fear we feel
A greater sting than his.

3. But chaste *Camilla's* vertuous fear
Was of a noble kind,
Not of her end approaching near
But to be left behind,
From her dear Love disjoyn'd;
When Death in courtesie decreed,
To make the fair his prize,
And by one cruelty her freed
From humane cruelties.

CHORUS.

Thus heav'n does his will disguise,
To scourge our curiosities,
When too inquisitive we grow
Of what we are forbid to know.

Fond humane nature that will try
To sound th' Abiss of Destiny!
Alas! what profit can arise
From those forbidden scrutinies,
When Oracles what they foreel
In such Ænigma's still conceal,
That self indulging man still makes
Of deepest truths most sad mistakes!
Or could our frailty comprehend
The reach those riddles do intend:
What boots it us when we have done,
To foresee ills we cannot shun?
But 'tis in man a vain pretence,
To know or prophesie events,
Which only execute, and move,
By a dependence from above.
'Tis all imposture to deceive
The foolish and inquisitive,
Since none foresee what shall befal,
But Providence that governs all.
Reason wherewith kind Heav'n has blest
His creature man above the rest,
Will teach humanity to know
All that it should aspire unto;
And whatsoever fool relies
On false deceiving prophesies,
Striving by conduct to evade
The harms they threaten, or perswade,

Too

Too frequently himſelf does run
Into the danger he would ſhun,
And pulls upon himſelf the woe
Fate meant he ſhould much later know.
By ſuch deluſions vertue ſtrays
Out of thoſe honourable ways
That lead unto that glorious end,
To which the noble ever bend.
Whereas if vertue were the guide,
Mens minds would theſe be fortifi'd
With conſtancy, that would declare
Againſt ſupineneſs, and deſpair.
We ſhould events with patience wait,
And not deſpiſe, nor fear our Fate.

WICKHAM WAKENED,

OR

The Quakers Madrigall In Rime Degrell.

THe Quaker and his Brats,
Are born with their Hats,
Which a point with two Taggs,
Ty's fast to their Craggs,
Nor King nor Kesar,
To such Knaves as these are,
Do signifie more than a Tinker.
His rudeness and pride
So puffs up his hide
That He's drunk though he be no drinker.

Chorus.

Now since Mayor and Justice
Are assured that thus 'tis
To abate their encrease and redundance
Let us send them to WICKHAM
For there's one will kick 'um
Into much better manners by abundance.

Once

Once the Clown at his entry
Kist his golls to the Gentry:
When the Lady took upon her,
'Twas God save your Honor:
But now Lord and Pesant,
Do make but one messe on't
Then farewel distinction 'twixt Plowman and Knight,
If the World be thus tost
The old Proverb is crost,
For Joan's as good as my Lady in th' Light.

Chorus.

Now since Mayor and Justice, &c.

'Tis the Gentry that Lulls 'um
While the Quaker begulls 'um:
They dandle 'um in their Lapps,
Who should strike of their Capps;
And make 'um stand bare
Both to Justice and Mayor,
Till when 'twill nere be faire weather;
For now the proud Devel
Hath brought forth this Level
None Knows who and who is together.

Now since Mayor and Justice, &c.

Now-

Now silence and listen
Thou shalt hear how they Christen;
Mother Midnight comes out
With the Babe in a Clout,
Tis Rachell you must know tis,
Good Friends all take notice,
Tis a name from the Scripture arising.
And thus the dry dipper
(Twere a good deed to whip her)
Makes a Christning without a Baptizing.

Now since Mayor and Justice, &c.

Their wedlocks are many,
But Marriages not any,
For they and their dull Sows,
Like the Bulls and the mull Cows,
Do couple in brutify'd fashion:
But still the Official,
Declares that it is all
Matrimoniall Fornication.

Now since Mayor and Justice, &c.

Their Lands and their Houses
W'ont fall to their Spouses:
They cannot appoint her
One Turff for a Joynter.

His

His son and his daughter,
Will repent it hereafter;
For when the Estate is divided;
For the Parents demerit
Some Kinsman will inherit;
Why then let them marry as I did.

But since Mayor and Justice, &c.

Now since these mad Nations
Do cheat their relations,
Pray what better hap then
Can we that are Chapmen,
Expect from their Canting,
The sighing and panting?
We are they use the house with a steeple,
And then they may Cozen
All us by the Dozen;
For Israel may spoyle Pharoahs people.

Now since Mayor and Justice, &c.

The Quaker who before
Did rant and did roare;
Great thrift will now tell yee on:
But it tends to Rebellion:
For his tipling being don,
He hath bought him a gun

Which

Which hee saves from his former vain spending.
O be drunk agen *Quaker*,
Take thy Canniken and shake her,
For thou art the worse for the mending.

Now since Mayor and Justice, &c.

Then looke we about,
And give them a Rout,
Before they Encumber
The Land with their number:
There can be no peace in
These Vermins encreasing;
For tis plaine to all prudent beholders,
That while we neglect,
They do but expect
A new head to their old mans Shoulders.

Now since Mayor and Justice
Are assured that thus 'tis:
To abate their encrease and redundance
Let us send them to WICKHAM
For there's one will Kick 'um
into much better manners by abundance.